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# My Note Book.

*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?  
*Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
*Much Ado About Nothing.*



A WITTY lady of my acquaintance asks if there is not something ominous in the title "Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition." The initial letters, she points out, spell "pfale." True; but she should remember that there is no such word as "pfale." Besides it would require more than

a whole dictionary of clever cabalistic combinations to counteract the many and daily increasing indications of a most successful exhibition. Collectors are responding heartily to the call of the committees.

A FEATURE of the department of painting and Sculpture will be a comparative display of works by Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz, Ribot and Monticelli, and the chairman, Mr. Beckwith, has already secured the loan of choice examples of Mauve, Maris, Courbet, Charlemont, Laurens, Stevens, Michel, Henner, and Gericault. The collections of Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer and Mr. Erwin Davis will especially be put under contribution for paintings of this class. Mr. Davis will also lend a fine Millet, an interesting Dugaz—"A Ballet Dancer"—and Collin's "Idyll," containing two life-size figures, exhibited at the Salon last year. Several works of Manet will be shown. But to name all the important paintings offered would be almost equivalent to cataloguing the chefs d'œuvre in this country not hitherto seen by the public. Mr. Beckwith's committee is intrusted with a serious responsibility in the matter of selection, and, as the exhibition is to be a popular one, it is to be hoped that undue preference will not be shown for any particular school of painting.

AS to the other departments, it is not possible in the limited space at command, even to name them all. The display of miniatures will be remarkable. Miss Furniss has been very successful in finding the owners of these interesting relics of a lost art, almost supplanted now by the work of the photographer. Mr. Edward Joseph's charming collection of miniatures by Richard Cosway and his contemporaries—described and illustrated in THE ART AMATEUR not long ago—is now on its way across the Atlantic.

THE Committee on Old Laces, of which Mrs. Kingsland is chairman, is offered the choicest examples in the fine collections of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. Arthur Dodge, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Jesse Seligman and Mrs. Dinsmore. The Old Jewelry Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Rives, will make an extraordinary display, the fine collections of Mrs. Pierrepont Morgan, Mr. Joseph Drexel, and many others, being put entirely at her disposal. Mrs. Chandler, of the Old China Department, has been offered the pick of Mr. Prime's collection, an all but priceless plaque of Capo de Monte from Mrs. Hosack and another no less valuable.

CAPTAIN GORRINGE and Mr. G. L. Feuardent put their fine collections of archæological treasures wholly at the disposal of the exhibition, and there is reason to believe that the Hon. A. S. Sullivan will make the most interesting display of coins and medallic art ever seen in this country. Mr. Barnet Phillips, in charge of the Old Prints, will only be limited in the excellence of his exhibit by the space at his command. The growth of print collecting in this country is extraordinary, and what is more gratifying is the exhaustive knowledge of many of the collectors in their respective specialities.

AMONG other interesting features of the exhibition will be the splendid presents made to General Grant during his voyage around the world. Mr. Joseph Drexel lends a fine collection of watches, and Mr. George W.

Childs is expected to send a selection of his curious clocks. The proposed department of Ecclesiastical Art, of which Monsignor Capel was to have been the head, has been abandoned. The result of this gentleman's observation was that our country is as yet too young to furnish a creditable exhibition of the sort. The churches he had visited certainly afforded but little material. He found nearly everything in use—whether vestments or goldsmith's work—brand new and of no especial artistic merit. General Rush C. Hawkins's department of Illuminated Missals, however, is retained, and will include some almost priceless contributions from the cabinets of Mr. John Jacob Astor and Mr. Brayton Ives. Another very interesting exhibit will be that of Musical Instruments. Some idea of its pecuniary value may be found when it is stated that three violins—one a Stradivarius, and one, an instrument carved by Benvenuto Cellini—are to be insured for \$60,000. Mrs. Erminnie Smith's committee on Aboriginal Art is getting together a most interesting collection of Indian relics. One of the largest displays will be that of objects of Oriental art, which, it is understood, will have a room to itself.

THE catalogue, which is being prepared under the direction of Mr. A. W. Drake, art editor of The Century, will be profusely illustrated with wood-engravings and "process" plates. It will be printed by Mr. De Vinne, which is a guarantee that it will be well printed. Mr. George R. Halm has made a striking title-page, which is reproduced in miniature at the head of this "Note Book." Altogether the prospect is that the Loan Exhibition in all its departments will be a notable event in the art history, not only of New York, but of the United States.

IT is gratifying to learn that the committees will exclude fearlessly from the exhibition bibelots and bric-à-brac of doubtful authenticity. Some courage will be necessary to carry out this resolution, but the sense of responsibility to the public, who have a right to feel secure in the integrity of the catalogue, should nerve the officers of the organization to do their duty in this matter without shrinking. As every object offered for exhibition is to be examined by a member of the special committee to whose department it belongs before it is received at the National Academy, and as the Committee on the Admission of Objects has power even then to reject, there should be a fair prospect for a display of such works of art only as are of undoubted authenticity.

THE prospect should be "fair," I say; for no one can say what clever counterfeit may creep in despite the scrutiny of experts. The comparative helplessness of the average collector, by the way, has aroused the practical sympathy of M. Paul Eudel, a well-known Parisian connoisseur who, I am informed, is preparing a volume in which he will expose the tricks of forgers of all kinds and the various mystifications of which buyers are victims. In Belgium, Holland, Germany, and, above all, in Paris, everything is imitated to perfection—old and new pictures, old tapestry, arms, faïence, porcelain, autographs, furniture, bronze. The Parisian artisan is the prince of counterfeiters. Most of the Chinese and Japanese bibelots sold in Paris actually are manufactured there, and now Chinese and Japanese dealers buy their stocks at Paris instead of exporting to Paris. M. Eudel will doubtless explain to the innocent the processes of the manufacture of old masters, the process of "marouflage" by which a newly painted canvas is glued on to a time-worn canvas and baked until the painted surface becomes sufficiently dry and crackled; the methods employed to produce the sombre golden tone of age, the accumulation of dirt, the happy disposition of antique fly spots, the tricks of the cleaners and restorers, and the skill of the monogramist, a genius who has a speciality of antique signatures.

M. EUDEL will further have to relate the tricks employed to convert a Vernon into a Diaz, a Pata into a Courbet, a Trouillebert into a Corot, and a Victor Dupré into a Jules Dupré; the enormous business done in sketches and studies bought up at sales of studios after death and finished up and sold as important works by the master; and then the colossal frauds practised in the sale of engravings, the multiplication of states, the forgery of monograms, the addition of

"remarks" to an old proof by means of a new plate, proofs "before letter" drawn from old plates on which the letter has been simply covered with a slip of paper, the retouching and reworking of old plates, the tricks for dyeing and darkening paper with "the dust of ages." There is really no end to the subject, for everything that has a high market price is forged nowadays, often to perfection.

NEXT year the Salon Japonais, in Paris, whose first exhibition was made this spring in the premises of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, will be held in a new gallery now being erected by Mr. S. Bing, the largest dealer in Japonaiseries in Paris. This Japanese Salon consists of works, paintings on silk or paper, screens, fans, kakemonos, etc., by Japanese artists, members of the Riutshikuai, a society formed at Tokio for the encouragement and maintenance of the native Japanese art of painting.

M. CABANEL has just finished a very fine portrait of Miss Ogden, of Chicago. The artist considers it to be one of his most successful feminine portraits, and intends to exhibit it at the Salon of 1884.

APROPOS of the recent dinner at the Lotos Club in honor of Mr. Henry Irving, a subscriber writes to me, comparing the speeches there with those at the Fourth-of-July banquet given to the distinguished actor in London. He laments that the speeches at the New York banquet were not more solid, instead of being simply witty, and asks whether the dignity of the occasion did not call for "at least one thoughtful, well-considered speech on the English and American drama?" On the whole, my correspondent probably is right, although at a club dinner it were better perhaps to err on the side of too much wit than of too much dignity. I have heard Lord Houghton and other accomplished English diners-out affirm that one could not find around any dinner-table in England so many clever talkers as they had met around the Lotos board. This is probably true. Whitelaw Reid, Chauncey Depew, Horace Porter, A. E. MacDonald, Richard O'Gorman and Algernon S. Sullivan, are all "names to conjure with." A dull speech is very rarely heard at the club. The latest was, about two years ago, at the dinner to Ferdinand De Lesseps, when some of the Baron's engineering friends talked canals, commerce, and statistics until the life of the hearer became a burden.

IN our tendency to levity in serious matters we resemble the French more than we do our English cousins. It is true that we have not yet gone so far as to get up a burlesque art exhibition. But, perhaps, that is because our solemn Academicians save us the trouble of doing so. One of the great attractions of Paris the past two months has been the exhibition of "Les Arts Incohérents" organized in the Galerie Vivienne by a band of facetious artists. This exhibition consisted of parodies in painting on all kinds of subjects—parodies on realism as, for instance, a portrait of the lecturer Lapommerage represented with real hair and a real glass of water on the table in front of him, or a portrait of Alexandre Dumas the younger in the costume of a midwife abstracting a real doll from among the leaves of a real cabbage, title "Il recherche la paternité," referring to a recent pamphlet of the illustrious dramatist. Many of the exhibitors have sent jokes and puns in painting which become, of course, unintelligible when translated. During a visit of fifteen minutes the exhibition of "Les Arts Incohérents" was amusing; beyond that time it tended to become lugubrious. Nevertheless it scarcely merited the ferocity of M. Gérôme, who described it as an "attentat à l'art," an outrage upon art. Victor Hugo, Gautier, Musset, Lamartine even have written comic and absurd verses in facetious moments. Rossini composed a Polka des Seringues and Donizetti dedicated an Air de Trombone to Meyerbeer. But no one thought of accusing these illustrious artists with outraging poetry or music.

IN a recent number of the Journal des Arts there is mention of a painting by "Lord E. Weeks." This is no other than our clever compatriot Edwin Lord Weeks. He is frequently taken by Parisian journalists for an English "milord," for his American friends have waggishly spread the report that he is an

eccentric nobleman who prefers to place his title after his Christian name instead of before it.

It was observed by a spectator at the Feuadent-Cesnola trial in the United States Court, the other day, that the plaster bas-relief of "Justice" over the door has scales which do not balance, and that she is peeping out of her left eye from behind her bandage. Happily, our law is better than our art.

MONTEZUMA.

## Dramatic Feuilletton.

*Hamlet.*—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?  
*Polonius.*—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Hamlet.*

HENRY IRVING bestrode the dramatic world like a colossus during November; but the rest of this paraphrase quotation does not apply; for the managers of the other theatres, instead of creeping about to find themselves dishonorable graves, put forth their utmost efforts to rival the Irving performances, and the result was one of the most brilliant months ever known in New York.

It is not yet the time to sum up the merits and defects of Mr. Irving and to decide, from an American point of view, what place he holds in his profession. The test of all English actors is Shakespeare, and Mr. Irving must be seen in several Shakespearian characters before he can be impartially judged. His *Shylock* is certainly a magnificent impersonation. He is the Jew that Shakespeare drew—not the ranter and scene-tearer of modern tragedy.

Mr. Irving's welcome to this country was as princely in its way as the hospitalities which he has, for years, extended to Americans in London. Wealth welcomed him in the person of W. H. Vanderbilt; he was fêted by Lawrence Barrett on behalf of the American actors; he was banquetted at the Lotos Club and celebrated in the ovations of Whitelaw Reid, Chauncey Depew, and Horace Porter. In response, he delivered a clever speech, apologizing for his so-called mannerisms on the "Pinafore" plea that he is an Englishman—and it's greatly to his credit.

The night of Mr. Irving's début at the Star Theatre was so dismally stormy that it seemed to have been imported from London expressly to make the English tragedian feel at home here. The theatre was overcrowded with the brightest and best of New York audiences, many of those present having purchased their seats at prices which would have been extravagant, even at the new Metropolitan Opera House. The audience was critical but most friendly. Mr. Irving was quite unnerved by the heartiness of his reception. "I shall never forget it," he said to me, the next morning; "I was more than surprised—I was astounded."

The play was "The Bells," a dramatic sketch of the metaphysical self-tortures of an Alsatian innkeeper who has committed an undetected murder. "The Bells" is an etching rather than a finished picture. It is a monologue for Mr. Irving, with occasional interruptions by a few other characters. He could recite the whole of it, if he pleased, without injuring the dramatic effect. Yet by the vividness of his imagination, the exquisite minutiae of his method, and the earnestness and intensity of his art, he raised this simple sketch into the dignity of a tragedy, and one remembers poor Mathias with something of the sentiment which Macbeth inspires.

The attention of the audience was naturally directed first to Mr. Irving's mannerisms, about which so much has been said, and then to his stage-management, about which so much has been written.

His mannerisms consist in a peculiar, hollow tone of voice; in mumbling the end of some of his sentences; in an odd walk, as though his right leg were wooden and could only be used by an effort, and in the angular attitudes which he occasionally assumes. These mannerisms are all natural to him. He has them off the stage. But, every now and then, he shakes himself clear of them and discloses a perfectly appointed melodramatic actor. The sensation which they inspire is that of small defects in a grand work. You feel like calling out to him: "I wish you would not talk like that! I wish you would not walk like that!"

As to his stage-management, it consists of careful

attention to minute details and a constant attempt to be realistically accurate. Mr. Irving tries to represent the room of the Alsatian innkeeper as a real living-room in Alsace. Then he endeavors to get some dramatic effect out of all the details of the room. There is a stove, and he uses the red firelight to show the terror in his face when the murder is mentioned. He stoops to take off his snow-covered boots, and makes a point by this attitude as he turns to listen to the gossip about his unforgotten crime.

I could go through the play and show how Mr. Irving has built up his part by such artistic bits of stage business; but will it be believed that, in the last act, he so forgets his realism as to go to bed in his shoes? When he was spoken to upon this subject he said: "You remember how hurriedly 'The Bells' was put upon the stage by Mr. Bateman? Well, I have never altered the business since. If I had to produce the play now, I should do it very differently in many respects; but it was so successful that it has never been altered. Now, however, the shoes shall be taken off. You are quite right in that criticism, and stocking feet will be much more effective."

"Charles the First" introduced to the American public Miss Ellen Terry, who is so American in her style of acting that she might have been to the manner born, although no American actress can be compared with her in the strong simplicity of her art and the naturalness with which she interprets her part. Miss Terry is a tall, slender, pale lady, with a pleasant rather than beautiful face and a voice which is as clear and sweet as a silver bell. Her success was immediate and unanimous.

As the melancholy and unfortunate King, Mr. Irving made an extraordinary impression upon his audience. Men unused to weep found their eyes filled with sudden tears; ladies sobbed audibly. The sympathetic silence in which the mournful scenes of the idyllic play were received was the highest tribute to Mr. Irving's powers. And his *Shylock* is unquestionably a very great artistic performance, worthy to rank with the grandest achievements of Garrick, Kean, and the elder Booth.

The Lyceum company whom Mr. Irving has brought with him are remarkable rather for thorough drilling than for individual excellence. They have been trained to form parts of a representation which moves with the precision of machinery, and, consequently, they have become in a measure mechanical. A special interest is excited by Mr. Terriss, the juvenile man, because he is to be the leading man at Wallack's Theatre next season. He looks like a younger brother of H. J. Montague, and he speaks with a voice like Montague's. At this writing, his opportunity to show force and finish as an actor has not yet occurred; but, having seen him often, in London, I am prepared to believe that he has both force and finish.

The late John Oxenford, of *The Times*, used to laugh with me over one of the peculiarities of Mr. Terriss. When he criticised him in print, he would write us long letters, discussing the play and his part, and arguing out his conception and presentation of the character. I never knew any other actor to take such pains; but, although his letters were too long to read patiently, it did him good to write them and proved that he was an anxious student of his art. We laughed; but we respected Mr. Terriss.

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"MOTHS," as presented at Wallack's, is not a pleasing nor a well-constructed play; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth; but it is interesting, and it will be memorable for four artistic successes.

Miss Rose Coghlan, as *Vera*, the pure, pale, statue-like heroine of "Moths," surpasses and transforms herself. The prayers of Pygmalion changed a statue into a woman; the art of Miss Coghlan changes an actress into a statue. Equally artistic, but in quite another style, is the *Lady Dolly* of Miss Caroline Hill, a perfect impersonation of a wicked, worldly, frivolous, fashionable modern mother. Miss Evesson, as the stage type of the slangy American girl, makes a success by the contrast between her pretty, petite personality and the strong, coarse speeches which she has to deliver. Charles Glenny, an actor who graduated at the London Lyceum, is *Lord Fura* stepped out from Ouida's book. The general cast is excellent, and "Moths" is put upon the stage with unusual skill and taste.

As Mr. Wallack was laid up with gout during the

rehearsals of "Moths," it is fair to give the credit of this production to Arthur Wallack, the stage-manager, and certainly the Veteran has been beaten by the boy. For this reason—pray excuse me for raising a corner of the curtain upon a family council—I should not be surprised to see "Moths" withdrawn, in spite of its popularity, and "The Road to Ruin" revived.

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"In the Ranks" is a melodrama of "The Lights-o'-London" school. It is not, in any sense, an original play, being partly based upon the old "Soldier's Progress" and partly adapted from the Australian novel, "His Natural Life." It depends for its success upon its scenery, and there is a great deal too much scenery. For example, an elaborate picture of a London court ends the fourth act; but nothing occurs in this court except the arrest of the hero. Surely, the hero might be arrested without expending five hundred dollars upon a scene to form a background for so trifling an incident!

Messrs. Brooks and Dickson, who now manage the Standard, have gone into the business of supplying the provinces with plays. Their plan is to produce a piece elaborately here, and then send it out on the road. This explains, but does not quite justify, the expense which has been wasted upon "In the Ranks." There is not enough play to sustain all the scenic display.

Curiously enough, the hero of "In the Ranks" does not get into the ranks of the British army until the fourth act, and he is no sooner into them than he gets out of them by desertion. It was originally intended to call the piece "The Soldier's Wife," a title which would have been even more absurdly inappropriate; but Stanley McKenna had already copyrighted that title for an American play which has not yet been seen east of Denver. However, the public are evidently getting tired of this sort of melodrama under any name, and the audience at the Standard received "In the Ranks" with marked indifference.

Perhaps the play would seem stronger if it were more strongly cast. Frederick Bryton, the hero, is a promising amateur who imitates the late Charles Thorne without Mr. Thorne's physique and experience. I think that, in time, Mr. Bryton will become a good actor, because he has intelligence, earnestness, and energy; but at present he is not able to carry so heavy a play. Miss Kate Forsyth, who acted so sweetly in "Virginius," with McCullough, is as weak as she is sweet in melodrama. The rest of the cast is long, but it is also weak.

Whatever success "In the Ranks" may obtain will be due, first to the scenery, and then to a capital situation in the fourth act, when the heroine is drugged by the villains and rescued by her husband. One swallow does not make either a Spring nor a drink; but one situation sometimes makes a play. For example, the raft scene made "The World."

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LAST month, our kindly Editor requested me to omit the prediction I had written that Charles Coghlan's engagement at the Fifth Avenue as a star would be a failure. I sacrificed my prophetic soul to our Editor's geniality, and Mr. Coghlan failed without my preliminary announcement.

I was personally responsible for Mr. Coghlan's first visit to this country, and he was then accepted as an excellent actor. Manager Stetson has brought him back, and, although he appeared at the same theatre, in the same part—Alfred Evelyn in "Money"—neither the critics nor the public will accord him any notice.

"A Celebrated Case," in which Mr. Coghlan created the part of the hero, at the Union Square, was revived for him at the Fifth Avenue, and that failed. Then Manager Stetson put "The Duke's Motto" upon the stage very handsomely, in order to show Mr. Coghlan in a romantic character, as *Lagardère*, and that was also a failure.

Has Mr. Coghlan deteriorated during the interim between his engagements in this country, or have we advanced in our appreciation of art? I do not see any difference in Mr. Coghlan. My theory is that our public has outgrown him, and this theory is confirmed by the fact that they also seem to have outgrown Osmond Tearle, at Wallack's.

This is a theory difficult to demonstrate, but flattering to the public. Nevertheless, I think that it is appreciably demonstrated by the noticeable increase